

# The Target



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# Willard Intermediate High School, Berkeley

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## Billie and the Cherry Pie

The morning sun streamed through the kitchen window, disclosing Mary wrapped in a fresh gingham apron. There was a daub of flour on her cheek. A recipe book, open at "Pies," was propped up in front of her. A dish of stoned cherries stood on the table, proving that the pastry she was carefully rolling out must be for cherry pie.

"Mary, Mary, will you come?" came from above.

"In just a minute, mother, I am putting my pie in the oven," called back Mary.

Mary hastened to her mother's room. With a regretful smile her mother looked up.

"I am so sorry I must go down town. I forgot to tell you that Will Foster is coming over this morning. You know your father brought him over several times while you were camping. He was at the reception last night and we were discussing cooking. Such poor refreshments were served, and he said to be able to bake good cakes and pies was really an accomplishment. I told him you were going to make your first cherry pie this morning, and he declared he was coming over for a piece."

Mary looked aghast.

"Mother! you told Professor Foster that! Suppose the pie isn't good!"

"I'm not worrying about that," replied her mother.

"Well," Mary mused, "I don't know."

"Run along and see that your pie doesn't burn," said her mother, "and tell Professor Foster how sorry I am not to see him."

Scarcely fifteen minutes had passed when the door-bell rang. Mary had just taken her pie out of the oven. The pie was perfect. It had not even sizzled over.

Mary went to the door, but she felt disappointed as she glanced at the young man before her. His eyes twinkled merrily as he lifted his hat.

"Good morning, ma'am."

"Come in, won't you?" Mary said sweetly. "Mother had to go down town, but I will try and fill her place."

"Cherry pie, I do believe? I haven't had any since I was a boy.

"Of course I shall have to give you some after that," laughed Mary.

They went into the kitchen and proceeded to eat the pie. They had a jolly time.

After every crumb had vanished. Mary sang, "This is the end of a perfect pie!"

As the young man started to go he said, "What dandy floors you have. Ever use O'Shino on them? You haven't? Don't you want to try some? I'm putting myself through college by selling it, and it is only a quarter of a dollar for two cans."

Mary looked at him dazedly.

"Why, I thought you were—. No! I think we don't want any, to-day," she stammered.

She heard the front door slam, and then she sank dejectedly into the nearest chair. Her pie was gone. An impertinent peddler had made a perfect goose of her. Worst of all it was too late to send for more cherries. That meant she must explain her silly blunder to Professor Foster. How he would laugh! A tear of disappointment slipped down her cheek, and soon she was crying. The door-bell rang. She heard her brother rush to the door.

"No, mother had to go down town, but sister is home," came back in her brother's high-pitched voice. "Sister is in the kitchen. Walk right in. Say! are you Professor Foster?"

"I am, sonny," answered a deep voice.

Mary gasped. Before she could escape, the door opened and there stood Professor Foster. He was tall and handsome.

"I beg your pardon. Your brother told me to walk right in."

At once the humor of the situation occurred to Mary. Between peals of laughter she explained her mistake.

"But, I can't possibly miss that pie," he declared. "Here, son," (handing Mary's brother a half dollar) "buy us enough cherries for a pie, and keep the change."

Professor Foster sat on the edge of the table, watching while Mary made the pastry for the pie.

"Have you heard that song about Billy and the cherry pie?" he suddenly asked.

"Yes, indeed," said Mary, with a sidewise glance.

The Professor looked at her oddly.

"Well, I'm Billy—understand?"

Alice Rosenberry.

## IN THE NEST

"My goodness," exclaimed Mr. Bird, "I really do believe spring is here." He eyed proudly his mate who was sitting patiently on her eggs. After bringing in the evening worms he went happily to sleep.

The next day he was awakened by a mysterious sound and looking into the nest he saw a head protrude from under Mrs. Bird's wing. Another followed and soon four little heads were out and four little mouths opened wide. "I'll certainly be busy now," said Mr. Bird.

He flew around the gardens and caught several large worms. Then he went to call on Mrs. Wren, with a worm, because her husband had been hurt by a cat. Soon a little girl came out with some crumbs and Mr. Bird brought some to Mrs. Wren and took the rest home. After singing a good-night song he went to sleep, feeling happy that all the babies had hatched out.

Jane Richardson.

## JUST A TREE

When I approach my home I look up at my tree. This tree does not grow in my garden, but I call it mine because I enjoy it. I think it is a Chinese plum tree.

Its blossoms are very pretty, being white with dashes of pink here and there. The branches are brown, making a good combination of colors. As I look into my tree I say, "It is doing its part in the world by making the world beautiful."

I go on my way full of happiness knowing my tree will make others happy also.

Wright Morton.

## The Goddess of the Clouds

In a beautiful, secluded valley in China, beside a pretty little stream, stood a little thatched hut. In it lived Hopeful, who had been banished from the Emperor's court because he befriended an old woman who had been sentenced to death. The old woman escaped. She was the queen of the gods who came to the earth to see what it was to be a mortal.

Hopeful lived here for two years and he grew to love the pretty green valley and the great tall mountains. As he was sitting on the bank of the stream one day thinking of the gay court life from which he had been banished, the beautiful goddess of the clouds, whose name was Faith, alighted from a little golden cloud chariot, drawn by two snow white lambs. Faith saw Hopeful and she fell in love with him. Faith had a guardian who loved her very much. He was very selfish and he did not want her to be married. He had two of his servants take her away to a lonely island which was guarded by two fierce dragons. One of them was on the northern side and one was on the southern side. The island had a spell over it and the spell could be broken only by killing the dragon on the southern side of the island.

Hopeful set out to rescue Faith. On his way he met a very old woman who was trying to carry a heavy chest, and he offered to carry it for her. She was the queen of the gods whom he helped in the Emperor's court. When they got to the end of the valley the old woman said:

"You have helped me very much, so I will reward you."

She gave him a ring set with a beautiful diamond, and a long sword and said: "This ring will make you invisible if you turn the stone three times to the right. To become visible again you must turn the stone the other way four times. This sword is very valuable and you must not let any one touch it. When you get to the ocean you will find a boat. Get into it and say, 'I want to get to the southern side of the island on which Faith is imprisoned.' Kill the dragon you will find there and Faith will come to you." Having said this, she vanished.

Hopeful followed her directions and when he got there he turned the ring three times to the right. He went up to the dragon and killed it. He turned the ring back and Faith came to him and kissed him.

Faith's guardian died when the dragon was killed. Faith and Hopeful were soon married in the garden of the gods. The beautiful flowers sent out their sweetest fragrance and all the gods rejoiced. Faith did not want to live with the gods, so the gods made them a beautiful palace in the valley and there they lived happily.

MINNIE SOO-HOO.

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### PERPETUAL

Pauline Lemon's smiles.  
Francis Smith's fairs.  
Charles Shepard's fingers.  
Ruth Davenport's dimples.  
Helen Brasfield's brains.  
Dorothy Angus' tongue.  
Elwood Woolsey's wanderlust.

## Dandy and His Double

"Ah, at last, here comes Miss Kathryn, and I know she must have an apple or some sugar for me," whinnied Dandy, one of the most beautiful horses ever entered in a horse show, and a winner of many blue ribbons.

Kathryne Cooper did have several lumps of sugar. She patted Dandy and talked a while to him, then went into the next room to find Mose, Dandy's special groom, who was cleaning some harness.

With much delight Dandy heard this news: "Mose, father and I are going to Jacksonville for the winter, as you already know. We have decided to take you and Dandy, too. You would better leave as soon as possible—sometime today."

Soon the two were on their way to the south and in due time reached their destination. The Coopers had gone on the "Limited" and, therefore, arrived first.

As Mose was riding Dandy from the station to the hotel stables, a man rushed from the side of the road and commanded them to stop. But Mose did not hasten to obey, so the man drew a revolver, and threatened to shoot. The man, who was a detective, thus addressed Mose:

"You and your stolen horse are under arrest."

Mose gasped and replied, when he recovered his voice.

"Arrest,—stolen hoss,—why man dis ain't no stolen hoss, he's ma own, or I mean I've took care of him nigh on to two year and ain't no stolen hoss 'toll, no sah."

The officer not letting Mose finish,

continued,—"Never mind any such lame excuses, you know you are one of that band that stole horses in New York, and have come here with this valuable one to dodge the detectives, but we have you now. Never mind any 'buts,' you're under arrest, so march right along there to the court house with me."

What could Mose do now, but to follow, although he knew he was not guilty, as well as he knew his own name? When they were passing the hotel, Kathryn and her father were on the wide veranda. "Oh, there's Dandy and Mose, let's go to meet them," exclaimed Kathryn.

"They seem to be in some sort of trouble, we would better hurry," replied her father.

They did not catch up with the little party until they were in front of the court house. Kathryn and her father in amazement asked what it all meant. The chief soon came out and everyone seemed to be talking at once. Both parties were equally sure that they were right.

Above the argument, Mose's voice was heard calling attention to two fast riding horsemen who were coming up the road at a fast pace. Another detective, and a surly negro on a horse almost identical to Dandy, the same markings on the forehead and on the hind foot. The officers looked very sheepish over their mistake. Dandy and Mose were allowed to return to the hotel with Miss Kathryn and her father.

A day or two later Kathryn met the owner of Dandy's double. Paul Stanton, being notified of the finding

of his horse had come post haste to get him.

Upon looking up the pedigree of the horses it was found they were brothers.

Of course each wanted to buy the other's horse, but naturally neither one would sell. There was only one satisfactory way to settle such a difficulty.

One day while Paul and Kathryne were out riding, the problem was solved.

The two horses are now always together, as are Mr. and Mrs. Stanton.

GRACE RICHARDSON.

### TO A DOG

As I walked by a school, at the close  
of the day,  
A little black dog, I passed by the  
way,  
With ears pricked up, and expectant  
eye  
Without offer of friendship, he passed  
each one by;  
Till at last came a laddie, all freckles  
and tan,  
To whom all unmindful and joyous  
he ran.  
Oh, blest is the boy who may own  
such a friend  
And tenderly love him, until life's  
end.  
I, too, was a child, with freckles  
and tan,  
And to me as to him, a little dog  
ran,  
But the years passed by and I wan-  
dered far  
From the childhood scenes that  
nothing can mar.

FLORENCE BULLARD

### CURIOSITY WINS

One summer Joe Samson and his friend, Bob Riley, were camping in the high Sierras. Upon finishing their lunch of fresh trout and bacon, one day, Joe suggested reaching a certain point that night.

Bob, however, was of a different opinion and he answered, "No, thank you. I'm about dead and I'm going to take a nice long nap right here."

"All right," was the reply; "have it your own way!"

And the two exhausted boys lay down and went to sleep. All of a sudden Joe, for some unknown reason, woke up. He looked where his companion was resting and he saw a huge rattlesnake coiled on Bob's chest.

"Oh, what shall I do?" he thought. "If I shoot it I might shoot Bob! If I disturb the snake it will be sure to strike at him."

Then a brilliant thought came to him. Knowing that rattlesnakes are curious animals, he went off a short distance and rustled some leaves with a twig. The sleepy snake raised its head, opened one eye, slowly uncoiled and came over to see what was happening. As soon as the snake was at a safe distance from the sleeping boy Joe raised his rifle and shot it.

"Whew!" breathed Joe, "that sure was a close call. Wake up, Bob, old top and hear a great story!"

, EVELYN HENDERSON.

Janice Hoyt's recipe for boiled cabbage: "Put the cabbage on in an uncooked kettle with cold boiling water, to which one-eighth of a teaspoon has been added. Serve with white sauce."

## The Masters

Once, a long time ago, in Italy, there lived two men—two masters. One was a master composer. He could seat himself at a piano and laying his hands upon the keys, could produce most beautiful sounds. No one knew where he got the inspirations for his lovely music.

The secret of his success was this: he would go to some art gallery and look at one of the beautiful paintings. Then he would go home, sit down at the piano, and reproduce in music the beauty of the painting.

Thus was he a master.

The other man was also a master, but in a different way. He was a painter.

And this was the secret of his success: he would sit down and listen to music and then he would put on the canvas the wonderful thoughts that the music brought into his brain.

Thus was he a master.

All their lives these two men had just made little paintings, composed little pieces, but each now decided to make one big master-piece, to spend his time, efforts and talent on that and that alone. The same moon shone down upon these two men, although they were hundreds of miles apart, when they decided to consecrate themselves to this one purpose. And each, in order to get some inspiration, decided to go to Venice. Thus the hands of Fate, though moving slowly, brought the two masters together.

Eight months later, the two men

met and each confided in the other his hopes, plans, and ambitions.

The picture of the painter was almost finished, all except the central figure—the wonderful, rich, dark background and dainty shades and tints, all except one disfiguring block of white, and he could find no thought that fitted in that space.

The composer had his prelude and some of his chords, but the body—the thought was lacking.

Finally, one night, the painter suggested that the composer play what part he had of his music, while he, in despair, put some little conventional figure in that mocking white spot.

So the composer started to play his prelude. As his fingers wandered over the keys he glanced at his friend, working by his side, and in the wonderful shades of that background and the even more wonderful possibilities of that white spot, found his inspiration and his fingers, plying over the keys, completed the master-piece.

Meanwhile, the painter, listening to the wonderful notes, took up his brush and filled in the space with a marvelous figure.

Thus were two master-pieces born to the world.

JEAN STEVENS.

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### MY TRIP TO THE MOON AS A REPEATING ROCKET

It was one fine day when I was put into a long tube with a lot of my friends. The tube was securely placed on a strong foundation about six feet off the ground. Soon a group of distinguished looking gentlemen

gathered around us and after a consultation placed us on top of a high hill.

Then one of the men took a box of matches from his pocket and lighted a long string-like object at the bottom of the tube. Suddenly we all shot towards the moon. When we reached a few hundred miles up in the air another explosion took place and we shot ahead still faster. Explosions kept up till finally we saw a great round ball all white and full of holes. The next moment we hit this round object and sent out a large flash of light. I saw where I was but only for a minute. The light went out and I was lost.

Undertaking to walk around, I fell into a hole about four feet deep, to get out of which I had to do some work. Finally I succeeded after falling back about three times. Starting to walk around again, suddenly, I fell into a lot of soft white snow. A lot of little things began to run all over me and call me names because, they said, I was trying to introduce the high cost of living up there. Finally I got up and made friends with as many as I could. They then started to show me around and I fell into more mysterious softness. I kept going deeper and deeper until I found myself completely surrounded by a great mass of green cheese. This was the "straw that broke the camel's back." I was good and ready to return to earth. There is no longer doubt that the moon is made of green cheese because I've been there to see.

EDWARD PLATE

### ALL MINE!

One day, when I was out hunting, I saw thirty-nine quail perched on the limb of a tree. I had been hunting all day, and was on my way home. There was only one bullet left in my hunting bag, so as you might guess I was trying to contrive a way to get more than one bird. After thinking for a while I suddenly struck upon a good plan.

I put the bullet in my gun, and shot at the limb, close to the place where it was joined to the tree-trunk. Before the birds could fly away, the limb had split out to the end. Their toes fell into the crack, then the split closed up again, and I had them all. I then took out my jack-knife and cut off the limb, slung it over my shoulder, and went home with thirty-nine quail in my possession.

MARGARET PRICE.

### A MISTAKE

It was a snowy, blowy evening late in December. Grandpa had just locked up and was preparing to go to bed, when grandma asked him if he had locked the barn door, which contained Ferdinand, a ferocious bull that was brought across the plains with the household goods. Grandpa said he reckoned he had locked that door good and tight as he was not going to take any chances with Ferdinand.

About three o'clock the next morning the house began to shake, and grandpa, upon awakening, immediately thought of Ferdinand. He was sure he had bolted the barn door!

Grandpa jumped out of bed and taking pitchfork in hand went out to settle that colsbarned bull. Sure

enough a great black object was ramming the side of the house.

He then thrust the pitchfork into the object's back. With a howl of pain it turned around! What he saw was not Ferdinand; but a huge bear. Grandpa gave one astonished glance and flew into the house.

All night the house shook and the next morning the bear was found dead a little way off. Ferdinand was found peacefully reposing in the barn.

ELEANOR NOTEWWARE.

### JOE'S LUCK

Joe Mason lived in New York. He was eighteen years old and was strong and tall. His mother and father were dead and he had no sisters or brothers. Joe was on his way to the depot to inquire if his fifty dollars would take him to California for he had heard of the discovery of gold at Sutter's mill.

When Joe arrived at the depot the clerk told him that his fifty dollars would not buy a ticket to California. As Joe was turning away a man came up to him and said he knew where he could buy a ticket for that amount. Joe was so excited that he gave him the money and told him to meet him there the next day as the boat was to leave then.

When Joe arrived at the depot on the following day he did not find the man. He waited till the boat was about to leave. As he was passing the gangplank, he heard two men talking. They were two friends and Joe heard that one of them had bought a ticket to California but found later that he could not go with his friend. Joe told them about the thief and promised to pay the man that was going for the ticket to San

Francisco. He gave Joe the ticket, but refused the money, but he would pay for it anyway.

Four months later Joe was in San Francisco. His friend had to remain there so he went to the diggings with another man. They dug for weeks without any luck but finally found a large pocket of gold. With the money he paid his friend for the ticket. He then started a real estate company. Later he took in a partner named McDuffie and so you can still find the Mason and McDuffie Real Estate Company.

MORRIS BROWNING.

### THE QUEER NOISE

R-r-r-r! R-r-r-r!

What noise was that?

Hear it?

What can it be?

The cat meowed.

The dog barked.

We all sat there in wonder

And gazed about!

Father got up, then mother.

Then big brother Joe,

And sister's beau.

R-r-r-r! R-r-r-r!

Let's find it.

Let's go to the barn,

Suggested Mr. Marn.

They went and found no

Proof of this mysterious sound.

When with a sudden bound

Brother Joe looked around

And said, "Oh daddy,

There's the noise."

They looked, and lo!

An aeroplane.

'Twas the first ever seen

In the country laue.

MARGARET FISH.

## A Flower Fantasy

Scene I—A beautiful shady garden in which many wonderful flowers are growing. At first only the tinkling of a brook and the soft rustling of the trees may be heard.

Time—After the creation of Man.

### Prologue.

(Enter fairy, singing.)

Fairy: "Beautiful flowers, have you heard it, heard the news?"

Tulip: "News? And pray what news could there be? Is there a new flower?"

Fairy: "Flower! Indeed, no! It is a thing called Man. A being so superior that he will rule us all."

Rose (scornfully): "Indeed!"

(A babel of voices follow. Questions and criticisms falling pell-mell.)

[Curtain.]

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Scene II—Same as first.

Time—Two days later.

(Enter a man and woman. The flowers all look eagerly forward. A rose is seen to whisper something to a sweet-pea.)

Woman: "See, they all seem eager to do something for us. Look how thick and green the grass is. It makes a carpet for our feet. How beautiful the flowers are. How brightly the sun shines."

Man: "Yes, it is true. We must do something to repay them."

Woman: "They need care, poor things! Look, these violets are quite crushed." (Bending down she kisses them softly.)

Man: "Come, we must go on now; there are other gardens that need our care."

(They walk out slowly, arm in arm.)

Rose (rather grudgingly): "They are not so bad, after all. However, I can't see as they are so very superior."

Grass: "If they like to feel me soft and green under their feet, I will grow my very best, for I love them."

Tree: "And I will furnish them with cool shade."

Violet (softly): "She kissed me. I—I will do everything I can for her."

Rose (still rather grudgingly): "Well, I can give them great beauty and sweet perfume."

(They talk on and on, each flower offering its best. Twilight begins to gather. The flowers soon sleep. The full moon rises, casting its silvery glow over all. Peace reigns supreme.)

ELEANOR EVANS.

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### TRAPPING IN ALBERTA.

While Mrs. Perkins and her daughter were clearing up the dinner dishes, Harry and Will climbed upon their Uncle Ned's knee and begged for a story. Uncle Ned had just returned from Alberta, Canada, where he had been trapping furs.

"So you want a story. Well, I will tell you of my exciting adventures when I left my cabin to go over the mountains to trap. Good fur animals were getting scarce near my cabin.

"I started on my trip early in the morning with my team of faithful dogs. It was very hard climbing and we could not go fast on

account of the deep snow. I expected to get to the other side of the mountains before night but it was impossible because a terrible storm came up. Having decided to camp on the side of the mountains, I built a small shelter and after cooking supper and feeding my dogs, I rolled up in my blankets, close to the fire, and went to sleep. My camp fire had burned low when I was awakened by the loud barking of my dogs. As I sat up, rubbing my eyes, I heard the distant howl of hungry wolves. Reaching for my rifle, I quieted my dogs, which were whining at my feet. I thought for a few seconds and decided that the best thing to do was to meet the wolves half way, as I wanted to save some of my provisions. I started out with my dogs at my heels. In my haste I did not notice that I had not fastened my cartridge belt on tight. When I ran down the mountain it fell off.

"The dogs jumped at the throats of the wolves and I shot as fast as I could. You can imagine my surprise and dismay on reaching for more shells to discover that I did not have my belt. I used the butt of my rifle for a club and my dogs fought bravely many of which were killed. After a couple of strenuous hours of fighting, the dogs and I had killed so many wolves that the rest gave up the fight, and went back into the woods.

"I took the wounded dogs back to camp and there discovered that my favorite dog, that was also the leader of my team, was severely torn and crippled. The only thing that could be done was to put him out of his misery. After I had tended to my other dogs, I crawled into my blan-

kets to try to sleep the rest of the night. Morning revealed the fact that during the night several of the severely wounded dogs had died.

"While I was getting breakfast I decided that I would go back to my cabin. I reached it by nightfall and in the morning set my traps on the old trapping grounds.

"Much to my surprise and joy, when I went to visit the traps, I discovered that I had the best 'catch' of the season."

YUKONIA YOUNKINS.

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### THE KID MINER

Stanley, a fourteen-year-old boy, lived with his father in New York. His mother had died the previous year, so when the "Gold Rush" started they decided to try their luck at mining in California.

On their way across the Isthmus Stanley's father died of yellow fever. Having completed his lonely trip to the Pacific, he found a ship ready to sail for San Francisco. He asked for passage, but the captain refused, saying he was too young to make the voyage.

Having learned from one of the crew that the ship was to sail on the morrow, he waited until nightfall, when, unseen, he climbed on board and concealed himself under some of the deck cargo.

After making sure that his presence was still unknown, he crawled out in search of food and water. To his great joy he found some sup-

plies which had not yet been stowed away, and took possession of enough biscuits to last him several days, as well as a canteen of water, which a miner had filled and put with his outfit just before the things were put on board. He did not come out of his hiding place until the ship had been under way for several days. When the captain saw him he was very angry and would have made him work his way to San Francisco, but a kind-hearted man took pity on Stanley and paid his fare.

Before they arrived at the end of their voyage, Stanley had many admirers and several men offered to take him into partnership with them. Finally he accepted the kind offer of a man named George Merlyn, and together they left for Placer county to seek their fortune.

After a few days they chose their campsite, and Stanley was to put things in order while George went out prospecting. When he returned, he found that his young partner, while digging out a fire place, had uncovered a rich vein of gold ore containing several nuggets.

From this day on he was known as the "Kid Miner." Their claim proved to be one of the richest in all that part of the country and as Mr. Merlyn was a man of education and business ability he soon became rich and prominent. The thing he did was to take Stanley back to San Francisco and give him the best education to be had at that time. Stanley lived to be as rich and prominent as his partner George Merlyn, but he was always known by the name given him in the old mining days—"The Kid Miner."

FOSTER DETRICK.

## A TENDERFOOT

Dick Ward was a tenderfoot, but he was not so much of a tenderfoot as the cowboys of the West thought he was. He had come from the East for adventure. His parents did not want him to go, but as his uncle owned a ranch in Colorado they thought he would have good care.

Dick was a lad of eighteen with broad shoulders, dark eyes, and a good head of dark brown hair. He was an exceptionally strong youth, and had a quick mind. He had always been in good standing among the boys of his home town. Now it was different, he was in the West.

There had been some thieves in the neighborhood, and cattle were missing. The mystery was, where did the thieves hide the cattle. Searching parties had been sent out, but no trace of the missing cattle was found.

Dick had been on the ranch about two months. By this time he could ride pretty well and was getting used to his new life. He was left in charge of a small herd of cattle, while the herdsman went to the ranchhouse for a new lariat, as his had been broken.

It was now growing dusk and still the man did not return. Dick was a little worried because he would have to stay with the herd all night. He stayed up a long time waiting, but as the man did not return he went to bed.

He was awakened in the night by a noise. He could plainly see that the cattle were being driven off, and his horse was gone. He at once decided to follow. After they had traveled for a few hours, the cattle were driven into a deep canyon, which was narrow at the top and

wider at the bottom. Most of the men departed, leaving one to be on guard duty.

Dick now saw his chance. He did not carry a revolver, but had only his lariat. With one long throw he caught the man around the waist, and after a slight struggle tied him securely to a tree. He jumped upon a horse and rode with all speed to the ranchhouse. He at once secured help and rode with a body of men to the canyon.

The cattle proved to be the stolen ones. When they were returned to the owners he was made quite a hero. All of the cowboys said in one big voice: "Some tenderfoot."

HAROLD DRIVER.

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### CRAFTY ODYSSEUS THE SECOND

Mr. MacDonald was indeed the head of his house. The household consisted of a dear little mother, seven daughters and three sons. The youngest son, called John, was twelve; next to him was Mat, who was fourteen. They lived in Philadelphia in 1845. Their father was a Scotch Presbyterian and never a more narrow or strict one existed. Sunday was especially a day of torture to the boys. On that day they could not run, play, read or study anything but the Bible.

One particularly delightful Sunday the boys, while waiting outside for church to begin, ran around in back of it. This alone was a great sin, but when Mat dared John to hit the dog on the other side of the fence it was terrible. John selected a smooth, round stone and hurled it over. It hit the cur on its thinly

covered ribs and he went yelping towards the house. They had not noticed the presence of the dog's mistress in the yard. Therefore they were exceedingly startled to see her marching straight for their father, who had just turned into the churchyard. Accordingly they hastened into the side door and took seats in the family pew. There they sat in fear and trembling. When their father came in, he took a seat between them and reaching out his hands he grasped one by the ear and the other by the leg and pinched with all his might at the same time telling them in verse the terrors which follow such earthly wickedness.

After church they were sent to their rooms without dinner. However, John traveled the back stairway to the kitchen with the happy result that neither starved.

The next morning their father appeared with the well known hickory rod. He commanded them to get out of bed. Then laying his hands on their shoulders he prayed that their sins be forgiven. Next he laid hold of Mat and delivered twenty blows upon his sturdy back without a cry from his proud son.

The boys' bedroom faced the street which was the main avenue and all the windows were open. So when he took John in hand, John yelled, "Bloody murder! Bloody murder! Bloody murder! Bloody murder!!!"

John only received four.

FLORENCE JACKSON.

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Teacher: "Use the word occur in a sentence."

Charles Wilson: "This morning I saw a dog that the boys called a cur."



### THE SENIOR ORCHESTRA

The new music for the Senior Orchestra ordered last term by Miss Ellerhorst has just arrived. We are looking forward to playing these new selections in our Spring concert. Our two bass viols, purchased with the money from the school entertainment, have taken their place among the instruments. We deeply regret the loss of our only French horn player, Wesley Carnahan.

The members of the organization this term are:

#### VIOLINS

First — Leader, Eunice Lehmer, Agnes White, Hazel Hewitt, Willa Conzelmann, Gladys Hull, Maroyn Culvyhouse, Stuart Philliber, Jack Hidekker, Helen Morse, Ironton Daube, James Wyckoff.

Second — Leader, Helen Darch, Bonnie Cecil, Gladys Higgins, Alberta Webster, Jane Richardson, Grace Smith, Milton Anderson, Florence Jaskson, Matie Sinclair, Janet Sayer, George Orly.

#### CLARINET

First—Avery Shuey, William Hubbard.

Second—Houghton Durbrow.

#### CORNET

First—Stanley Philliber, Reginald Carrington.

Second—Elwood Woolsey, Charles McKinney.

#### 'CELLOS

Leader, Derrick Lehmer, William Kaufman, Bruce Younger.

#### FLUTE

Harold Holden, Harry Layer.

#### BASS VIOLS

David Powell, Charles Lyser.

#### PIANIST

Helen Lehmer.

#### SAXOPHONE, (Melody C)

George Byrne.

#### DRUMS

Base—William Morrison.

Snare—George Kimball.

#### TROMBONE

Paul Culbert, John Driver.

EUNICE LEHMER.

### THE JUNIOR ORCHESTRA

The Junior Orchestra has increased rapidly this term. It now has 38 members consisting mostly of pupils from the Seventh and Eighth grades. We regret to have lost Wesley Carnahan, who played the French horn.

We are working up several pieces that we expect to give at our Spring concert.

The members of the Junior Orchestra are:

#### VIOLINS

First — Leader, Gladys Higgins, Janet Sayer, Jane Younger, Matie Sinclair, Alberta Webster, Stephen Lehmer, George Orly, Grace Smith, Pearl Winters, Carma White, Marjorie Scrantom.

Second — Leader, Jane Richardson, Edmund Voruz, Robert Gorman, Florence Corco, Maria Davis, Ford Weissel, Harold Jones, Richard Bradshaw, Florence Stratton, Francis Bunnallack, Raymond Lee.

#### CLARINET

First—Houghton Durbrow.  
Second—Welton Oxley.

#### CORNET

First—Addison Cole, Waide Williams.

Second—Thomas Carlton, Luther Ospena.

#### 'CELLO

Harriett Wilson, Bruce Younger.

#### FLUTE

Haroid Holden, Harry Layer.

#### DRUMS

Base—Wright Morton.  
Snare—Raymond Anderson.

#### PIANO

Elvin Hunt.

#### TROMBONE

Jack Driver.

#### BASS VIOL

David Powell, Charles Lyser.

Miss Ellerhorst says we are beginning to do some very good work.

#### HARRIETT WILSON.

#### THE BAND

At the end of last term the Band lost some of its best players, so at the beginning of the new term we had to reorganize the whole band. It was pretty hard at first, but now

Miss Ellerhorst says we equal the old band.

Miss Ellerhorst bought a tuba and two piccolos with the money that we made last term. We made \$40 at the noon concert, with which we are going to pay the first installment for a new baritone.

The members of the Band are as follows:

#### CORNETS

Solo—Traver Day, Stanley Philliber, Reginald Carrington.

First—Elwood Woolsey, Charles McKinney.

Second—Addison Cole, Waide Williams.

Third—Thomas Cariton, Luther Ospena.

#### CLARINETS

First—Avery Shuey, William Hubbard.

Second—Houghton Durbrow, Welton Oxley.

#### PICCOLO

Charles Derleth.

#### BARITONE

Carl Castleman, Charles Lyser.

#### ALTOS

Herbert Dreisbach, Paul Abbott.

#### SAXAPHONE

Alto—Harry Stoops.

Tenor—Douglass Day.

#### TROMBONE

Paul Culbert, Jack Driver, Donald Penniman.

#### TUBA

James Coleman.

#### DRUMS

Base—William Morrison.

Snare—Raymond Anderson.

#### TENOR

David Powell.

We hope to be able to play some good new numbers at our annual Spring Concert to be given some evening in May.

AVERY SHUEY.

## AN INTERESTING EXPERIENCE

(A True Story)

One bright sunny morning, two little boys, named Arthur and Wheeler, awakened very excitedly because they were going to see the President of the United States.

The little town of Geneva, Ohio, was gaily decorated, for it was not very often that the President came. The two little boys soon arrived and took their place in the anxious, waiting crowd. Finally President Garfield came and gave a fine speech. Arthur and Wheeler were trying very hard to get a view of him, but they couldn't see over the other people's heads. So they took turns holding each other up. This didn't prove satisfactory. They decided that they must have a closer view of the President, and so they formed, what they thought, a very daring plan.

While the crowd was dispersing, Arthur and Wheeler went to the train which they felt Garfield must have reached. Then mustering up courage, and after timidly debating the matter, they tiptoed into the train to where a medium-sized gentleman with a pleasing personality, was conversing with several other men. The President knowing how two little boys would probably feel on an occasion like this, stopped his conversation with his associates, shook hands with the boys and told them it was very nice of them to come and bid him goodbye.

Then they ran home feeling very proud to have shaken hands and talked with a real President.

DOROTHY VAN GORDER.

## A DRINK

One day, about twenty years ago, my grandfather left the village where he lived, and went down to San Francisco, to get some supplies for his store. He did not return and grandmother, very much alarmed, notified the police. They and the daily papers did all they could, but did not find a trace of him.

After six months they got a letter from him. He was in Lower California, returning from Mexico. In about two weeks he arrived home and this is his story.

When he arrived in San Francisco with about \$500, he met a chance acquaintance who asked him to have a drink, which he did. The next thing he knew he awoke so sick that he could not hold his head up. He was on a ship at sea. Soon two men came in and ordered him to work. He refused and demanded to know where he was and why. The men then locked him up without food.

Next day he was exceedingly hungry so he decided to work. After three weeks of hard work he saw that they were near land and in the dark he and another man who had also been shanghied, escaped to the coast of Mexico. After many hardships and troubles, because he had no money, he worked his way home. Although he tried, he could never find the guilty party.

Note:—This is a true story, told to me by my grandfather.

ELINOR OLIVER.

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Janice Harris: "Lend me a dime and I'll be eternally indebted to you."

Susanna McCann: "Yes, I'm afraid so."

# EDITORIALS



### “TARGET” STAFF

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 Manager ..... Harry Benteen

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Paul Bartlett, Elizabeth Avila, Dorothy Angus, Winfree Bowran, Edwin Buckalew, Florence Bullard, George Byrne, La Verne Calnen, Wesley Carnahan, Willa Conzelmann, Jack Dalziel, La Verne Driver, Hugh Falconer, Mildred Glasson, Evalyn Henderson, Dorothy Hiefield, Raymond Hill, Harold Holden, Roberta Holmes, Helen Howson, Janice Hoyt, Gladys Hull, Elizabeth Hunter, Elsey Hurt, Florence Jackson, Carol Keehner, Leora Kibbe, Derrick Lehmer, Eunice Lehmer, Susanna McCann, Paul McGuire, Seth McKenna, Sanford Moses, Grace Richardson, Jean Scott, Donal Skilling, Ruth Taft, Marjorie Waide, Margaret Wangenheim, Agnes White, Lawrence Yater, Virden Wilkie, Anna Clinton, Louie Anema, Lucia Miller, Constance Johnson, John Rhodes, Renwick Congdon, Rhoda Lewis, Mary Bartlett, Avery Shuey.

### ADVISORY BOARD.

Mr. Clark ..... Principal  
 Miss Christy ..... Teacher

The students of the Willard School are much indebted to the pupils of the English classes of Mrs. Colmore and Miss Stockton, for the pleasure they have given us in the tableaus and plays, presented by their students this term.

On February 11th the play, "Evangeline," was presented by the pupils of Mrs. Colmore's class, before the pupils of the eighth grades. It was again presented on the twenty-seventh before the ninth grade students. The play was dramatized and arranged entirely by Edith Comstock with the co-operation of her classmates and the assistance of Mrs. Johnson who supervised the dancing.

Kathrine Sibley, two weeks later, presented a delightful group of tableaus taken from Longfellow's "Evangeline," reading a selection to illustrate each picture. The General Electric company kindly furnished the lighting for each scene. It has been estimated that the light so generously furnished by the General Electric company would have cost the school about two hundred and fifty dollars. The pictures were most carefully and artistically planned and executed. Katherine Sibley and her corps of assistants deserve much praise.

Miss Stockton's English class dramatized "A Man Without a County." The best scenes were chosen by Miss Stockton from the dramatizations handed in by the class. The class then voted for the people they wished to take the different parts. The Seventh Grade chorus were thus delightfully surprised by the dramatization of the well-known story "A Man Without a Country."

We hope to see many such programs, for they are always interesting, and greatly enjoyed. Such programs

mean hours of extra thought and effort on the part of the participants, but their labors are not in vain. A strong spirit of unity is fostered and every student is bound to feel that when the opportunity is offered it is his duty to give pleasure to his fellow students and gain honors for his school.

MARJORIE WAIDE.

### BLEACHER STRENGTH

In the recent baseball games with Garfield and Edison, the opposing schools had large bodies of patriotic rooters on hand to cheer on the players. A team with strong backing behind it, no matter how good a team, will have more spirit and fight in it than a team without boosters.

All of our great colleges hold rallies before important games to fire the players with enthusiasm and to arouse the interest of the students. It would be a good idea if we could stage a rally every Monday afternoon, as the games are on Tuesday.

Last year the Willard team received the cup offered to the winning school. If we are going to keep the cup, we must win it this season and next, as the team winning it three times will be entitled to keep it permanently. To do this the students must turn out at all the games and show the players that they are backing them to the finish, as bleacher strength wins many a game.

JOHN RHODES.

### A BAD HABIT

Abraham Lincoln was once asked how long a man's legs ought to be. He replied that they should be long enough to reach from his body to the floor. Some pupils of Willard School do not seem to think so. Some of

them seem to think that one leg should reach from the body to the floor and the other one should be shorter. They try to make it so by standing on one foot, or leaning against their desks when reciting, the boys especially.

Why do they do it? Is it because they think they look better? The teachers certainly think they don't. Does it make them think better? No, it doesn't because it takes more effort to stand on one foot than on two, and this takes away some of the pupil's attention from his recitation, because it requires some thought to keep from falling over.

We ought to realize that when reciting in class we should pay attention to our work. When we stand on one foot it gives the idea that we are not interested in our work. It is disrespectful to our teachers, too. How would it look if the teachers leaned against their desks as much as some of the pupils do?

And now, let us all avoid this habit of appearing to be lazy, and lacking in interest in our work.

HELEN BLASDALE.

#### ACROSS THE PLAINS IN '49

Dr. Peters, with his wife, children, and some friends, left a small town in Missouri in a caravan for California in 1849. He had five children, the youngest being only three, while the oldest was fifteen. The caravan consisted of about ten wagons and twenty-five people.

Several days after leaving Missouri, the gold seekers were stricken with

a dreaded disease and were forced to camp on the spot. Probably all would have died had it not have been for the aid of Dr. Peters, who, by his untiring efforts, saved most of them. During the sickness his youngest child died. Finally they were able to resume their weary journey.

At night they would arrange their wagons in a circle, outside of which they had guards posted to warn them in case of an attack by the Indians. Just inside of the wagons they had the horses securely tied so they would not stampede during an attack by the red savages. Inside of this double ring they slept themselves.

One night they heard a yell from one of the sentries and upon investigating they discovered that he had been killed by the Indians. Then fearing an attack, they prepared to give them a warm reception should they come.

Just before sunrise, when the night is darkest, the Indians attacked, yelling like madmen. If they had expected to surprise and capture the caravan they were doomed to disappointment, for they were forced to retreat after finding the fire of the defenders too hot. After a few more desperate charges they finally gave up the fight. Before reaching Sacramento they had several more Indian scares, but they all turned out to be false alarms.

Before they arrived at Sacramento their shoes were all worn out, and they had to wear moccasins made from skins until they could buy some more shoes. Finally, after many hardships, their efforts were rewarded and they arrived in San Francisco safe.

SANBORN SMITH.

## Our Feathered Neighbors

Outside our dining room window my father put up a bird tray. We have trained some jasmine vines upon it and the birds perch on the branches. In winter we have suet, red berries, apples and mush for the birds. In the middle of the lawn we have a bird pool with shrubbery behind it. Many birds come there to bathe and then sing to us.

The hermit thrush is our favorite winter bird. He is brown with a speckled breast. He is very slender and the stateliest bird we have. He eats Christmas red berries. First he cocks his head to one side, then as quick as lightning he pops a berry into his mouth. I have never known him to eat more than five at a time.

Another of our favorite birds is the ruby crowned kinglet, who is a small bird with a red topknot, that only shows when he ruffles up his feathers. He is a greenish bird and has a beautiful song, which we do not hear in Berkeley.

We have warblers, song sparrows, towhees, robins and bluejays. Once this winter the bluebirds came to the pool and twice we have seen cedar waxwings there.

We are very fond of our birds and they must be of us for they come even if we are playing or eating in the dining room.

One white crowned sparrow is banded, which means that it has a small band of aluminum with a number on it, on his leg. Some person caught the bird and banded it and sent the number, the date and place where it was caught, to Washington. There they keep a list of these things.

If a scientist catches the bird he reports to the society when and where it was caught. In this way they find new records in the migration habits of the birds.

The other night as I was pulling down the shade, two green eyes stared at me from the bird tray. It was a cat and, as he was a most unwelcome guest, I did not hesitate to scare him away.

RUTH MEAD.

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### A NARROW ESCAPE

(A True Story)

To begin with, strychnine is a deadly poison when given in large doses.

Mr. Collins, a prescription pharmacist, thought he knew where every chemical in the drug store was. One day a prescription for asperin came in, and he filled it without looking at the label on the bottle. In putting it back on the shelf he accidentally turned the label toward the wall. When the proprietor, Mr. Stockholm, came in he asked: "What is in that bottle that has no label?"

"Asperin," answered Mr. Collins.

The proprietor walked over to the shelf and picked up the bottle. Then he noticed the label on which was printed "Strychinne." Some one had changed the asperin bottle with the strychnine. Meanwhile the delivery boy had gone to deliver the prescription.

"This is not asperin, this is strychnine," said Mr. Stockholm.

"My God!" cried Mr. Collins, "I filled a prescription for asperin out of that bottle just a few minutes ago!"

"Get a taxi and go after the de-

livery boy. You may be able to get there before the patient takes the stuff," said the pale Mr. Stockholm.

Mr. Collins lost no time in finding a taxi and was soon on his way. When he arrived, he raced up the stairs and rang the bell as if the house were on fire. The nurse was ready to give the medicine. When she heard the bell ringing, she was in doubt whether to give the medicine and then answer the door, or answer the door first. But the bell was ringing so furiously that she decided to answer the door first. Mr. Collins told the whole circumstance, and thus the patient was saved an untimely death.

WHEATON ADAMS.

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### A DOG'S DAY

"Dear me," said Rowdy to himself, "what has become of Buster?"

Rowdy was a dog. He was a little black and brown terrier about a year old.

Buster was his pal. He was a little white fox terrier with a tan spot on his back. He was about six years old.

Rowdy started down the street in search of Buster, feeling sure he would find him somewhere about the town. He was trotting gaily along when suddenly he found himself in a net. He tried his best to get away, but that was impossible.

He was still kicking and squirming around when a man came, and, putting his hand under the net, dragged him out by the back of the neck. He was put into a strange looking wagon, which was covered with wire. There were several other dogs in the wagon and whom should he meet but Buster.

"I wonder why he put us in here?" remarked Rowdy. "It would be fun if it wasn't for the wire."

"I've heard a lot about this thing," said Buster, "but this is the first time he has ever caught me."

"What do you mean?" asked Rowdy.

"You see this man is hired by the city—look at that man over there!"

A young man was standing on the sidewalk looking at the wagon full of dogs. He hailed the driver and coming up asked, pointing to Rowdy: "Where did you get that dog?"

"He hasn't any license and I found him running around the streets," answered the man.

"How much is the fine?" said the young man. "He belongs to a friend of mine and I'm sure he would hate to lose him."

Buster knew by the way they spoke that they did not intend to let him out when they let Rowdy out so watching his chance he stood directly in front of the door. The minute the man opened it to let Rowdy out, he sprang at his hand and gave it such a terrible dig that the man let go of the door with a sharp cry and out sprang all the dogs. Away they went as fast as their legs would carry them.

I think it is not necessary to say what happened between the two men, but, anyway, it wasn't very pleasant.

ROSELLA KEMPER.

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### JIM'S DEBUT

When Jim first entered college his popularity was due to the fact that he was a typical farmer boy. He immediately became recognized in the football world. But soon his friends saw that he was becoming a dude. The notoriety he had received had

turned his head. The older boys had seen other promising material ruined in this way. They saw that Jim cared only for the gay life which endangered his chances of becoming a football star. Then they determined to save him.

"I wish I had not bought that silk tie, those sport shoes and straw hat," said Jim to himself. "With my month's allowance and what I just spent I could buy a dress suit. But they do look smart. It took smart clothes to get me this invitation. Those boys never noticed me before."

The evening of the great event arrived. Jim in his anxiety to be punctual came early. He gave his silk hat to the butler and stood before the looking glass. He wondered if he looked all right in the dress suit. It made him uneasy because it was rented. "If any thing should happen to it I would have to buy a new one," muttered Jim. "Why the hat alone costs—

"What did you say, sir?" asked the butler.

Jim had forgotten he had an audience. He turned sharply around. "Why you idiot. Get your foot off that chair. Can't you see my hat is there? You have ruined it," fairly yelled Jim.

"Begg'n' your pardon, sir. I didn't see it, sir. You could wear this home, sir."

The butler took from the rack an old derby hat. It looks revealed anything it was fifty years old.

By the time Jim entered the brilliantly lighted hall the rest of the guests had arrived. He stumbled through the dances, his pulse beating to one tune. "Where is the money for a silk hat?" it seemed to say.

He began to get hot and thought he must be getting sick. Every thing seemed strange, even the girls. Everyone he danced with tried to lead him, or held his hand in a grip that made him wince. When the supper dance began he found himself lead by his partner to the stairs. They sipped their coffee in silence, listening to the conversation of the couple on the step above them.

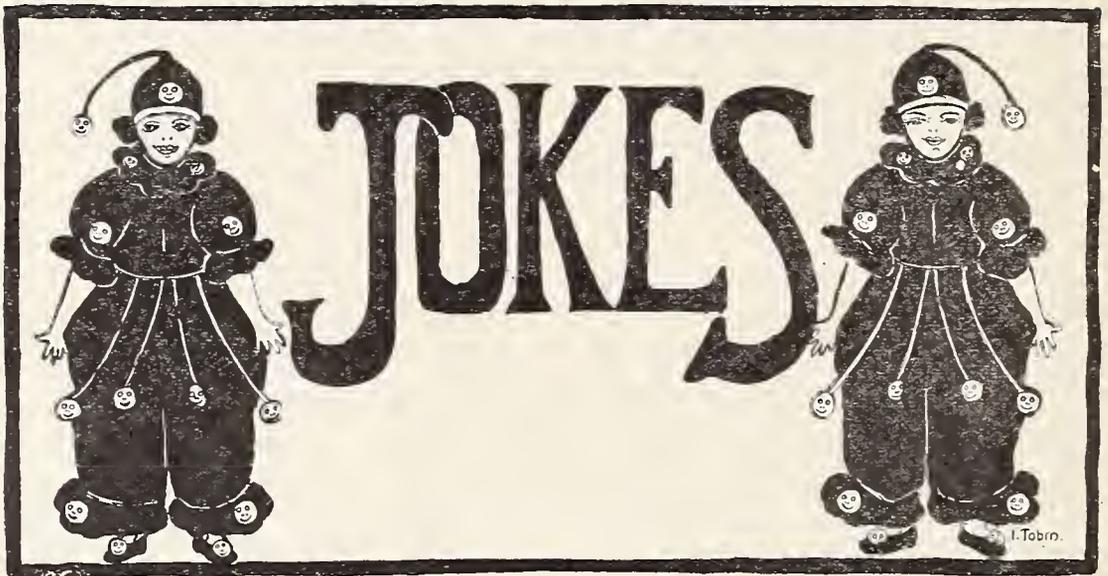
"Do you know, I had to invest in a new dress suit? My other is ruined," said a man's voice.

"How did you ruin it?" said a shrill squeaky voice.

"Dropped some coffee on it. You know you can't get that out. It isn't any good now," he replied. The last speaker at this moment hurled a cup of coffee on Jim's back. The person with the shrill voice threw hers, too. Her aim seemed very exact for a girl.

Half an hour later, when Jim had gone, a crowd of laughing boys gathered. In the middle of the floor stood a pile of feminine apparel. They were listening to their leader, who stood on a chair. "Boys, I think tomorrow Jim's sporty new wardrobe will be in a hock shop, to help pay for a badly damaged dress suit. But Jim will be himself again. Our joke struck home." Then he added, laughingly, "But, oh boy! didn't I make a dandy butler? You all were peachy girls."

KATHRYNE ELLIS.



Loyd O'Brien (going into dry-goods store): "I would like to see a pair of pajamas that would fit me."  
Saleslady: "So would I."

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Teacher (to Eula Goodwin): "Eula, are you busy?"

Eula (rushing to the desk thinking she was to go on an errand): "No."

Teacher: "That's just the trouble, take your seat and get to work."

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Teacher (in H. 9 History): "General Pershing was made a Knight of the Bath."

Harry Benteen: "A Saturday Knight."

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Teacher (to Arthur Bowman in H. 9 English): "Are you going to give your dramatization today?"

Arthur Bowman: "Dwight Way is to give his first."

---

Dorothy Hiefield: "I have eaten all my lunch except my milk bottle."

### IMAGINE

Robt. Green in knee pants.

James Whipple with his coat buttoned.

Elizabeth Griffin without her powder puff.

La Verne Driver without her English lesson.

Linton Pratt studying.

Robert Sedam with a pen.

Jean Gardner shouting.

Jronton Daube as the class canary.

Charles Shepard in rompers.

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### IN THE PUBLIC EYE

Mutt—Graham Peake.

Jeff—Johnny Bonner.

Buster Brown—Grant Edwards.

Happy Hooligan—Thomas Eichelberger.

Mr. Dubb—Elwood Woolsey.

Hawkshaw—Herbert Dreisbach.

The Colonel—George Ferrier.

Archie—Henry Wangenheim.

Slim Jim—Donald Wallace.

## WILLARD SLOGANS

I'll just borrow my math and avoid  
teacher's wrath—Jean Dumermuth.

Use your head, spart the red (ink)—  
Donald Wallace.

Cut torture, punk posture—George  
Orly.

Trip the light fantastic toe and a  
ton of fat will go—Lloyd O'Brien.

Knowledge is a useful thing, have  
some now and then to spring—Ed-  
ward Carter.

Powder and rats from reveille to  
taps—Eleena Beebee.

Moving lips mean yellow slips—  
James Johnson.

Boy with fear, posture test near;  
oh dear, he cut—Nash Burger.

Borrow less and give your friends  
a needed rest—Kirk Underhill.

Work more, less fours—Egon  
Gunderian.

The Cakery's eats empty "Target"  
staff seats—Avery Shuey.

Use Webster, not your neighbor—  
Florence Jackson.

What's your hurry? You should  
worry—Derrick Lehmer.

Think twice before you shoot once  
—Virginia Doub.

Poor attention, more detention—  
Courtney Pitt.

Keep your feet beneath your desk  
and give the hurdlers time for rest—  
Graham Peake.

Quit your foolin' and tend to your  
schoolin'—Donald Mitchell.

As sure as his eyes are in his  
sockets, you'll find his hands deep  
in his pockets—Jack Dalziel.

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Evelyn Henderson: "Elsey, lend  
me a pin."

Elsey Hurt: "I haven't any pins. I  
haven't got on the dress I made."

Carl Castleman (in English): "The  
oldest living forty-niner is one hun-  
dred and fourteen days old."

---

Marjorie Mills to Cordelia Price:  
"Isn't it funny that men at a foot-  
ball game always shout when some  
player is hurt. I wonder why?"

Cordelia Price: "I suppose it is be-  
cause they don't want the girls to  
hear what the player is saying."

---

Harrison Lewis: "Was Hydra-  
phobia king of the fairies?"

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Teacher (in L. 9 History): "Give  
me a modern illustration of Diogenes  
who went around in the daytime with  
a lantern looking for an honest man?"

Jack Gillespie: "Miss Ellerhorst;  
looking for a good tenor for the  
Glee Club."

---

Elwood Woolsey: "Would you  
think it right to punish a boy for  
something he had not done?"

Teacher: "No, of course, I  
shouldn't."

Elwood: "Well, I haven't done any  
of my lessons."

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Jack Gillespie (when looking at his  
report card): "If my ma saw this the  
graveyard would be the next place  
for me."

---

Jean Scott (leaving Gwendolyn  
Barnes' house): "Well, I must be  
off."

Gwendolyn Barnes: "Yes, I have  
noticed that for a long time."

---

Ruth Davenport: "Who was Moses'  
grandson?"

Irene Dana: "Stanford."

## HEALTH REPORT

Name	Disease	How Contracted	Cure
Eleanor Thompson	studying	five subjects	vacation
Pauline Lamon	grinning	natural expression	flu mask
Adnah Leonard	girls	experience	solitary confinement
Mary L. Thompson	whispering	interest	muzzle
Gladys Hull	gum chewing	need of exercise	lockjaw
Helen Weissel	tardiness	habit	kiddie-kars
Janie Harris	goo-goo eyes	practice	blind institute
Addison Cole	repose	natural	dynamite
Warder Wheldon	heart trouble	pretty girls	hopeless
Nash Berger	teacher's pet	concentration	padded cell
Leora Kibbe	eloquence	lunching with Harriett	yellow slip
Kirk Underhill	playing winkum	Marian Wellendorf	cold shoulder

Miss Doreen Grattan is never on time;

The stops to hear the birdies sing  
And the froggies rave in notes of  
Spring—

At one minute of nine.

Jack Driver is fat—  
There's no harm in that;  
Jack does his lessons  
And gets them down pat.

Virginia Doub has a right to be  
proud,—  
Her puffs are the largest in all of  
her crowd.

Girls, a leap year dance is now your  
chance for Lloyd O' O'Brien.

Wright Morton (in L. 8 Math):  
"Every right triangle must have a  
hippopotamus."

James Johnson (in L. 9 English):  
"It was very bad for the dogs to  
go into the water because they were  
very hot."

Miss Christy: "Yes, it was very  
bad for those hot dogs to go in the  
water."

Teacher (in L. 9 History): "Tell  
something about the Egyptians. What  
was their general make up."

La Verne Calnen: "They used a lot  
of rouge."

Leora Kibbe (in H. 10 French—  
translating French): "He has the air  
of a dish of cabbage."

Miss Ellerhorst (in music): "Stop,  
you basses are weeping too soon. We  
must all weep together."

Miss Christy (in H. 9 English—  
during a suggestion game): "And  
what does swallow suggest?"

Egon Gunderian: "Bacchus."

Marjorie Mills: "I want to send  
this package to New York. How  
much will it be?"

The clerk handed her a bunch of  
stamps

Marjorie Mills: "Do I have to stick  
these on myself?"

Clerk: "No, Miss, on the package."

Teacher: "We will now look at the  
appendix."

Bob Green and John Rhodes: "We  
can't, ours are already taken out."



